SIMON MAGUS.

A

POEM.

——Νύ τοι ὑ χραίσμη σκῆπτρον, καὶ σλίμμα θεοῖο. HOM.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis. Probitas laudatur & alget. JUV.

By BENJAMIN HUGHES,

Curate of *Wisbich St. Peter's*, in the *Isle* of *Ely*;

Author of the *Epistle to Junius*.

LONDON,

Printed for the AUTHOR: And sold by RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the Royal Exchange. MDCCLXXV.

[Price Two SHILLINGS.]

SIMON MAGUS.

PETER, no more the printing trade assume,
But be advis'd, and follow close the Loom;
Sev'n years' attendance on the weaving trade
Must sure have made you an experienc'd lad,
See here—what evils at the press you've done
(For whilst your faults I sought, I miss'd my own)
That JUNIUS can't, with any patience, think
Of all this fruitless waste of time and ink.
Then, for the future, hold this proverb fast,—
Let not the Cobler go beyond his last.

What

What though, with juſtice, driven to reproof,
I ſhould not treat thy honeſty too rough?

Thy beſt endeavours to attain an Art
Might more of profit, and leſs pains impart,
Is worthy praiſe:—where none are ſuff'rers made,
E'en there you might purſue the printing trade.
Would you confine it to this little town,
Where ASHLEY's *Colin* and *Coquette* go down,
You might indulge his VANITY as much
As if expreſs'd by the moſt maſter touch
Of printing;—or in hand-bills be of uſe,
Should neighbours one another's fame traduce.
All animoſities are beſt forgot,
Or *rare* examples I could fairly quote;
For though the Curate's wit they cannot bear,
Still they themſelves will ſtrive to be ſevere.

And why not bear with me, whoſe conſtant care
Is, on the ſide of merit to declare?

To ſtrict propriety a dupe become,
How do I gravely ſit, as if ſtruck dumb,
To hear ſuperior parts their notions read,
And tell the obſervations they have made,
In the moſt fav'rite ſtudies they purſue,
And what, worth notice, they have found out new?
Oft-times my nat'ral reſt has been deſtroy'd,
From bed detain'd, by thy remarks, dear LLOYD;
Nature, tho' chaſte, became no longer ſhy
In her diſcourſe, if EVAN was but by:
For truth an advocate moſt ſtaunch, how ſtrong
Were your diſtinctions found 'twixt right and wrong!
Not loſt in heat, when you ſtood up for ſenſe,
Pleas'd have I heard you tropes of wit diſpenſe,
That, when retir'd, I in a doubt was loſt
If you the Reaſon touch'd, or Paſſions moſt!
Whilſt, all amazement! I have held it true,
That worth might riſe to fame, inform'd by you.
Still nothing pleas'd, tho' much you can impart,
Like th' innate goodneſs of your open heart.

But

But now, debarr'd thy converſe, I may ſtray
From all propriety far, far away;
And, in this *drowned* iſle, few friends be found,
To tell me where ſuch groſs miſtakes abound,
(Few as theſe friends are found, I can't but know
What obligations to their care I owe,
And may, by future accidents call'd forth,
Proclaim their favours, and denote their worth)
Till brought before the PUBLIC to inſpect,
And CRITICS *feed* upon the ſad neglect,—
Who think my imperfections are made known,
By hinting I may want their *half-a-crown*:—
When *all men know*, they can as well forbear
Their ſlander, as ſuch *high* donations ſpare.
But to encourage my purſuit for Fame,
Who loudly with her trumpet ſounds your name,
How neceſſary this remove I ſee,
To get a certain confidence in me.
The infant Pine finds warmth, and ſhelter both,
(When yet a ſtripling only in his growth)

Beneath

Beneath his kindred trees, who branch on high,
And thruſt their heads, almoſt, into the ſky:
But then, to grow to any fit degree,
Into ſome diſtant ſpot remov'd ſhould be;
Where, like his race, to prove his vigour good,
He tow'rs aloft, and is himſelf a wood;
Where, the ſtrife o'er by mighty tempeſts bred,
He ſtands ſuperb,—and keeps erect his head.—

But wherefore talk of fame, when I deſpiſe
The little *arts* our Poets take to riſe
Themſelves into repute?—They will not ſtand
Competitors *per ſe*, but muſt demand
The Painter's help, to give them greater ſtrength;—
And ſpin their poems out a tedious length:
That, where the matter's ſcarce, the length, and ſhew,
May to make up the *ſtated* prices go.
I court no petty ways to recommend,
And ſcorn ſuch *tricks* to gain my honeſt end,

But

But, with plain truth, plod on the common road,—
Which all ſhould own however to be good,
Since Reaſon warrants the purſuit,—and reſt
Contented, that what follows this is beſt.

It looks, where Painters deck the Poet's ſcrawl,
As if they borrow'd, from ſome *alehouſe* wall,
The notion;—or from *ballads* took the thought,
And thence adopted this moſt monſtrous fault.
Each uſeful Art to fame holds wide a door,
And ev'ry Artiſt has acceſs to woo her.
Why ſhould they then each other's help require,
When all may gratify their fond deſire,
By lab'ring in the diff'rent Arts they chuſe,
Whether in love with Painting, or the Muſe?

Yet what avail theſe benefits to me?—
Attach'd, when young, and hardly fit to ſee,
Which mode of life was beſt, which Nature meant,
And which thoſe pow'rs, Heav'n for my uſe has lent,

Could compaſs ſo, that men ſhould not complain
My efforts fruitleſs, my ambition vain;—
Attach'd, when young (and could I now renew
My choice, I ſhould my former choice purſue)
With an uncommon paſſion for the Gown;—
What crowds of ills I choſe to meet unknown!

My parents, anxious I ſhould quaintly ſpeak
A deal of *Latin*, and ſome little *Greek*,
(For they knew not but e'en the Engliſh race
Barbarians might commence, in future days,
Not that *we* have the leaſt *preſumptive* proof
T'expect the days which I am ſpeaking of;
And then, tho' now but ſmall effects we find
Our preaching works upon the poliſh'd kind,
In *barb'rous* tongues what might not preaching do,
Addreſs'd to hearers who are *barb'rous* too!)
Conſign'd me to imbibe, by modern rules,
My *Chriſtian* principles from *Heathen* ſchools,

Who

Who wiſh'd me oft a deal of pains to ſpend,
(In hopes it would produce ſome *pious* end)
Tho' 'twas a point made Heathens diſagree,
To be well vers'd in their MYTHOLOGY.

When thought accompliſh'd in the Heathen Creed,
When taught the frolics of *Olympus'* breed,
And, for ſome years, cramm'd full of *learned* ſtuff,
Yet ſcarcely thought to be cramm'd full enough,
The UNIVERSITY became their care,
It was thought fit that I ſhould *ſlumber* there;
And there (thank Heav'n!) no cares my heart annoy'd,
All care was only for the head employ'd;
Deeming the head the neceſſary part,
They took no pains to methodize the heart.

What *Logic* Lectures, to procure a way
Of quibbling, on what ev'ry man ſhould ſay,
(As if to puzzle all mankind at will
Was the beſt way inſtruction to inſtil)

Did I with ſtrict attention mark, and grew
As big a Sophiſt, as Wits ever do!
How oft, with *Euclid*, ſat I to define,
What's meant by *Superficies*, *Point*, and *Line*,
And drew ſuch *corollaries* from the whole,
As could not fail to gain me ev'ry ſoul,
If one could proye, that ſouls but *matter* were,
And whether they were *circular*, or *ſquare*?

Both theſe, with other ſtudies, I purſu'd,
And made in them all progreſs that I could,
That in *due time*, on payment of the *fees*,
I might obtain ſome *clerical* degrees.
Not that I e'er could find amongſt them all
One *graduate* Apoſtle;—e'en St. Paul,
Tho' he the Jewiſh law had ſtudy'd too,
And under as we read a *Doctor* Jew,
Claim'd not a graduate title to be heard,
Nor was he e'er for his *degrees* preferr'd.

Thus far, *in form*, accompliſh'd for the ſtation,
When finiſh'd for the taſk by ordination,
Tho' in the country, yet not far from town,
That almoſt idol-worſhip of the gown,
(Leaving thoſe learned men, their learning all,
To ſhew away in College, or in Hall,
To frighten blockheads into dull decorum,
Whilſt Senſe keeps up a conſtant laugh before 'em)
A Curate I commenc'd, and wiſh'd to ſhew,
What my pariſhioners all wiſh'd to know,
That there's ordain'd another life 'ſide this,
Which is to laſt in miſery, or bliſs;
And that they would the bliſsful ſtate make ſure,
Since endleſs torments muſt the damn'd endure.

Nor was it more their wiſh, than my concern,
All my inſtructions ſhould to profit turn,—
And profit not my own;—for I reſign'd
The utmoſt efforts of a willing mind,
The human heart to ſearch,—that vaſty deep,
Where the big waves, unmov'd, remain aſleep,

Till

Till boiſt'rous paſſions ſet them in a roar,
Then all is tempeſt, which was calm before.
It was my care to keep theſe paſſions down,
To know no ſway but Reaſon's ſway alone,
Or, if 'gainſt Reaſon's ſway they ſhould rebel,
How into peace to huſh th' imperious ſwell:
That my example ſhould not fail to teach
The very doctrines, which I us'd to preach.
And I reſentment had ſo long forgone,
As ſcarce to call my very thoughts my own;
That men, by my forbearance, waxing ſtrong,
Preſum'd I would reſent no kind of wrong,
But tamely bear it all, a place to ſhare
In ſome *ſtate* Lord's, or *loving* Biſhop's care.

Such were the paths I always ſought to tread,
Such was th' ambition, that my fancy led
Me onward to purſue;—I ſtrove to pleaſe,
And gain a name, by labours ſuch as theſe,
That I had left but little time to loſe,
In pleaſing dalliance with the ſportive Muſe;

Leſt

Leſt I ſhould miſs the end I had in view,
And loſing that, hurt my ambition too.
But what avails a Curate's pigmy voice,
When his ſuperiors make a diff'rent choice?
All his deſigns but little good produce,
Whilſt DODD's *example* is of ſpecial uſe.

HAIL, Doctor D—! for preaching in renown,
'Mongſt the great *Judges* of the *judging* Town!
To *Goodman's Fields* what coaches nightly throng'd,
With the *chaſte* dames, to whom ſuch pomp belong'd,
Who, with the crowd, (if we may truſt report,
This crowd conſiſted of the better ſort)
In a more novel way,—theatric us'd,—
Their *tickets*, at this benefit, produc'd,
(And you this way could *people* all the place,
Like Garrick acting one of Shakeſpeare's plays)
Who

Who, *ſinners*, came to hear thee preach and pray,
But *better* taught went MAGDALENS away.

Nor didſt thou all thy eloquence exert,
Poor proſtitutes from ruin to divert,
Thoſe proſtitutes, whom viler b—ds confine,
And, hardly us'd, repenting of the ſin;
No Prieſt, through all the Town, of ſo much note!
WESLEY and WHITEFIELD were for thee forgot,
ROMAINE could not excite a ſingle ſigh,
And at the *Found'ry* not a weeping eye.
'Twas thought the road to Heav'n you knew alone,
For you out-did in action and in tone.
The City *Swain*, who on the Sabbath ſought
His *Sylvia*, in the neighb'ring fields, or *Grot*,
From diſappointment, found it his beſt way,
Was to reſort where D— *amus'd* that day.
The 'prentice boys, in uſual fopp'ry dreſs'd,
To hear thee came, and gave the *backnies* reſt.
That day to thee the anxious merchant ſtole,
And left his books, to *balance* with his ſoul.

Tradeſmen their *country ſeats* for thee forſook,
Nor on the Saturday the ſtages took,
Scarce fit to hold the clan their wives provide,
Tho' the grave CURATES rid, *in ſtate*, outſide:
The Banker's Clerk, at Lambeth, to his *C*.
Gave up his *turn* with *Miſs*, to wait on you.
No ſort of doubts town families perplex'd,
But you clear'd up in ſermon, or in text;
Domeſtic concord was by your reſtor'd,
And your advice prevail'd at *bed and board*.
In kind return for eaſe upon his brows,
With beſt of fare each *loving* City ſpouſe
Spread out a freſh, a ſecond marriage feaſt,
And you were there as *reconciling* Prieſt.
How happily ſerene, moſt true, though ſtrange,
Did the old Cuckold *ſmirk* it on the 'Change!
And at the tavern din'd with the gallant,
Whilſt D— at home made the young wife a *Saint*.

So fed! and *ſo* admir'd! how could you leave
Theſe men, who pinn'd ſuch faith upon your ſleeve?

Was

Was it the better fare, or ſinful dames,
Which your attention rais'd to great *St. James?*
Or, in much favour with the City great,
Had you conceiv'd that Miniſters of State,
If near the Throne, would come adviſe with you,
And *(grateful!)* think a Biſhoprick your due?

Had you e'en then, tho' late it muſt be own'd,
The footſteps of Humility but found,
(Not that it's very poſſible to bring
From College reſidence ſo mean a thing;
For College Heads the pride of office feel,
And Fellows have a *conſequential* zeal
To keep diſtinction up, and diſcipline,
That they all knowledge of the world decline,
As far below their notice;—as beſide
'Tis found deſtructive to all *learned* pride;—
E'en Tutors on their Pupils look and frown,
As on a ſpecies *foreign* from their own;
Undergraduates their pride can't ſmother,
But ſhew as much contempt for one another)

Had

Had you but look'd, with penetration keen,
Into conditions found the moſt ſerene,
Where no great murmurs flow againſt their fate,
But men on Providence with patience wait,
And, always active, take the good and ill,
Nor yet complain againſt their Maker's will;
And where, aloof from hurry, ſtriſe and noiſe,
Content inſpires the humble ſouls with joys;—
With joys the hungry feed,—a cov'ring form
To keep the houſeleſs and the naked warm:
Or had you, with a pious mind, ſurvey'd
The gracious pattern for all Chriſtians made,
Your SAVIOUR's life, and zealous been to prove
To his commands your duty, and your love,
You had Humility preferr'd to all
Which men promotion, or preferment call;
And, to reclaim the world your true regard,
You had look'd farther for your ſure reward;
Your ſtation for the taſk had proper thought,
And to repentance the whole town had brought.

But

But you the office and the town declin'd,
Nor to humility one thought reſign'd,
Which with the grov'lling ſouls may correſpond,
Who, of their curacies and labour fond,
Ne'er ventur'd in their lives to form deſire
Beyond the Church-yard, or the Study fire;
Whilſt ſouls, like your's, ſuch narrow maxims ſcorn,
Who, on the wings of emulation borne,
Aſpire to honours, dignities, and ſtate,
And nought contents, but what's *ſupremely* great.

Advanc'd, the height you ſet your heart upon,
A Chaplain to the King, and near the Throne;
For volumes fam'd, no Biſhop needs write more,
Such diff'rent tracks few authors took before;—
In *novels* thought t'excel, tho' you proteſt
'Gainſt novel-writing, as beneath a *Prieſt*,
You came forth ſkilful in *dramatic ſcenes*,
And ran a chariot on your *magazines*;
You taught the world that all the Scriptures through
There was not one dark *parable* to you,

None could, like you, *divinity* compile,
None wrote ſuch *ſermons*, in the *modern* ſtyle;
All, all conſpir'd, you heard your friends confeſs,
To crown your daily wiſhes with ſucceſs,
That you had nought to do (we gueſs'd) but reſt,
And with a Mitre time had made you bleſs'd;—
What tricking devil ow'd you ſo much ſpite,
'Midſt theſe pretenſions to delude your ſight;
Who ſhew'd you down the broad, the ready way,
Where Wickedneſs and Folly lead aſtray;
Where nought but Shame and Ruin hold their court,
And turn their vot'ries into cruel ſport?
The humble rill, which purling ſteals along
The verdant meades, and laves them with its ſong,
Which few meanders lead aſtray, with eaſe,
And pureſt waters, makes into the ſeas:
Whilſt the proud river, rapid tho' its force,
Devious through towns and cities in its courſe,
Obſtructions hourly meets, and nafty made,
Fouls the vaſt ocean which it ſeems to feed.

If

If your great proſpects inſufficient were,
Since your ambition wiſh'd preferment near,
Could not your *prudence* find one broker Jew,
Who, to the failing of old Judas true,
Would, with as ſmall remorſe, for love of gold,
Our Churches ſell, as he our Saviour ſold?
Or of this nation was there no where one?—
Pray where is U——N, that *Church-Broker*, gone?
He would have done for you for proper pay,
What he has done for others ev'ry day,
Or ſold his own, or found ſome ſilly man,
Whom he could form t'adopt his curſed plan;
Some wretch whom merit once perhaps addreſs'd,
And hop'd by his indulgence to be bleſs'd;
And you had ſtrutted with a Rector's pride,
And might have bought a Vicarage beſide.
Shame to this nation, where ſuch wholeſome laws
Are daily paſs'd to help the Chriſtian cauſe;
Where her great Clergy (who can this deny,
Or ſay in compliment I forge a lye,

Who

Who, with becoming candour, will attend
To ſuch diſcourſes as are daily penn'd
By able hands; tho' few like NEWTON write,
Yet moſt convey inſtruction and delight?)
Are men of learning, modeſty, and parts,
Of judgment ſound, and men of honeſt hearts,
That knaves and fools may ſafely buy and keep
Thoſe benefits that merit ought to reap!

Men ſet on ill have ſeldom care or thought,
By what by-ends their purpoſes are wrought,
From whom they flow, if they, from law ſecure,
May all the profit, without ſhame, procure.
Nay they, from knowledge of the world, expect
That thoſe whoſe practices are moſt defect
From truth and juſtice, fill the meaner ſphere,
And therefore, from temptation, prone to err;—
From poverty, too ſtrong for pride like their's,
And ignorance, which nought, like profit, hears.
But you (from your own nature we ſuppoſe
This over-haſty conſequence aroſe,

Where

Where, all the man too weak for honour's voice,
Int'reſt was ſure to make the heart rejoice,
Deeming all men would prove from profit frail,
And that all bribes well offer'd muſt prevail)
But you, 'fore Majeſty, in native hue,
Virtue and vice, with their effects, to ſhew,
Ordain'd,—where GEORGE and CHARLOTTE both unite
To tread the paths of virtue with delight,
Religious patterns of domeſtic love!
Who to their offspring beſt of parents prove;
If to the ways of virtue well inclin'd,
To all around them affable and kind;
But look with terror on the guilty Peer,
When from his duty he is known to err:—
Where HINCHCLIFFE, MARKHAM, men of honeſt fame,
With other Biſhops held in great eſteem,
Labour'd, and did their mighty Sovereign grace,
In the becoming duties of the place;
Who waited once, and never grudg'd their care,
Till call'd by him into an higher ſphere;—

Oh! that you had by names, like theſe, been led
The certain path of eminence to tread,
And tread ſecure;—or look'd around to ſee
Some wretch, by error whelm'd in miſery,
One of your own profeſſion, who had gone,
From flatt'ring motives too, to be undone,—
Your *brother* HORNE had ſhewn you to the life
Your fate, in diſappointment, rage, and grief:
But you ſet up a very diff'rent plan,
(Such all expected, who e'er knew the man)
Reſolv'd at all events ſucceſs t'acquire,
And gratify (by art) your heart's deſire,
To keep a good look-out about the Court,
And at preferment catch of ev'ry ſort.

Still, tho' reſolv'd all ſtratagems to try,
And to your purpoſe Noblemen to buy,
Was there not one 'mongſt them, accus'd for gold
(On record black) C———ns to have ſold,
Whoſe principles, already warpt, might take,
With leſs reſtraint, the terms you had to make?

Was

Was there not one, ennobled by deſcent,
Whoſe time, whoſe fortune, wit, were moſtly ſpent
In vicious riot? Was not ——— known,
Whom diſſipation had inſur'd your own:
That you ſo very far miſtook your aim,
And ran a *certain* riſque of public ſhame?
Could not th' importance of ſo high a place,
As Lord High Chancellor, your pride debaſe,
And your ambition within bounds confine,
The next great guardian of your rights, and mine,
Of Engliſh liberty, to Kings decreed,
Through whom the laws with purity proceed
In courſe direct, to ſuch as want their aid?—
Why would you yield this man ſhould be betray'd?
'Tis in the river's channel, thouſands ſeek
For wholeſome drink, the rage of thirſt to ſlake,
Rank poiſon to infuſe, and to deſtroy
What, whilſt found pure, the public us'd with joy.

If this could not your wicked aim prevent,
Nor public good divert your black intent,

The name of APSLEY ſhould ſome awe have ſpread,
A name has univerſal rev'rence bred,
A name no more can with contagion blend,
Than aged BATHURST can to vice be friend.
Didſt thou not know, to practiſe 'gainſt this name,
Tended to whelm the family in ſhame?
Hadſt thou no feeling for the antient fire,
Thou, whoſe profeſſion ſhould hold duty higher,
And preach damnation muſt await the ſon,
Who with diſgrace his family brings down,
Beneath the former honeſt rank they bore,
And make them villains, who were great before?—
—No matter by what means your plan you try'd,—
The Lady was too near her Lord ally'd:
And had you there prevail'd (which none but you
Had ever dream'd it poſſible to do)
The Lady's failing on her Lord muſt fall,
And APSLEY was reſponſible for all.

Now — on us all the greateſt inſult meant,
To bribe into conſent the P———t

(A trick no longer to be fear'd, we hope,
Since Bradſhaw choſe, to dangling in a rope,
Some ſpeedier death) ſhould any be ſo baſe,
So qualify'd, as Bradſhaw was, in place,
To try in vain:—for ſuppoſition's ſake,
The matters of our Colonies we'll take,—
Should G———t ſome tyrant laws propoſe
(Condemn'd by juſtice offer'd e'en to foes)
In order to ſecure ſome rebel few,
And to inflict the puniſhment's their due,
Who diſobey all law, all order there,
Which, e'er *tranſported*, they had practis'd here;
And mean to take all liberty away,
From thoſe were always ready to obey,
(Not that we can ſuſpect ſo foul a thing,
Whilſt *North* is Miniſter, and GEORGE is KING)
And uſe temptation, to ſeduce aſide,
(To back what none but madmen ſhould provide)
Our R———s,—by whate'er hand
The bribe is offer'd, *now* they'll firmly ſtand,

And, all reſentment, ſhould ſuch tempter riſe,
(By Lady Apſley taught their fame to prize
Before the wages to corruption paid)
Throw the temptation at the tempter's head.

Reſtleſs ambition ne'er one moment's ſpace
For thinking leaves, till all is brought to paſs,—G—
She wiſhes done; on ways nor means reflects,
Nor once conſiders there may be defects
In what ſhe plans,—but all is *proper* ſeen,
And all before her ſhines the *golden mean*:
Or elſe to WOMAN that reſpect had flow'd,
By all who prize the ſtamp of man beſtow'd,
As juſtly due for bleſſing which they find,
Who, true to honour, value womankind,
From free, yet virtuous converſe, *men of eaſe*
Enjoy with lovely woman when they pleaſe,
Whoſe beauty we muſt forcibly admire,
Whoſe ſprightly wit ſets all the ſoul on fire,
Whoſe motions graceful! due attention draw,
And at whoſe modeſty man's ſtruck with awe.

(Thus

(Thus eloquent by nature, her defence
Courage and virtue inſtantly commence)
Had flow'd from you, as free (which all agree)
As by meer inſtinct flows reſpect from me.
It hurts me inly, you ſhould condeſcend,
(You who ſtood forth the injur'd woman's friend,
Who taught the nightly wand'rers to return
From vicious courſes,—and their bread to earn
By honeſt labour,—a more happy ſtate;
And penitence for proſtitutes was meet;
That female virtue was a precious gem,
In age and youth preſerving all eſteem;
That *luſtful* men, who innocents betray'd,
And for the virgin's ruin traps who laid,
Muſt ſink their natures far below the beaſts,
And plant a living poniard in their breaſts,
To whom their conſcience, once awake to think,
Shews Hell in view, and them upon the brink)
To give the world occaſion to believe,
You could ſo far appearances deceive,

As

As by connivance only to consent,
A female mind should try to circumvent
By arts, not native to a female mind,
And lead to err another of her kind,
To err, (a purpose sure the most unjust)
To err, and to betray her husband's trust,
For thy advancement (—ruin seize thy name,
And let D— be a lasting mark of shame)
Which you must know, tho' to confess it loth,
A crime 'gainst reason and religion both,
Altho' not subject unto human laws,
Which, made by men, are open to such flaws,
Where the grand villain 'scapes from vengeance free,
Whilst the poor agent pays the penalty.
'Twas base thus any woman to seduce,
And turn her thoughts to such dishonest use;
But who will pardon grant you all your life,
Thus, doubly base, to traffic with your wife?
But, Gods! how pitiful! how very mean!
To make her afterwards a public screen.

The

The recollection cuts me up with ſhame,
Thy name with horror ſhakes my very frame;
A name has brought ſuch ſcandal on the gown,
That with diſgrace brings my profeſſion down
In vulgar minds, nor will they be remiſs
To tell us oft of ſuch a blot as this;
A blot which ſtaggers my purſuit for fame,
And with the Muſes proves a *counter* claim.

Time was, when perſecution's horrid rage,
Through all this realm, regarded ſex nor age,
Stanch to the Reformation found, and ſtrong
In the pure *Faith*, to which we now belong;
But dragg'd them to the ſtake:—to which when bound,
And piles of faggots flaming all around,
The terror was not able to perſuade
The very meaneſt who were martyrs made,
(And in a leſs enlighten'd age than our's)
To be obedient to ſuch earthly pow'rs;
But, full of better hopes, they to the laſt
All the great doctrines of our Church held faſt:

And then,—Oh worthy of our constant praise!
Which gratitude should never cease to raise,
To men who wrought this nation so much good,
Who both the pow'rs of Hell and Man withstood,—
Yet let not superstition, ever prone
To deify all merit, save her own,
Like sons of Rome, her gratitude mistake,
And what was praise a form of worship make:
And then,—esteeming honours, life, and ease,
Unfit to be compar'd with Heav'n's decrees—
The free dispensing of the Gospel light
To all mankind, as all mankind had right,—
The Clergy dar'd,—and read their suff'rings o'er,—
The Gospel witnesses scarce suffer'd more
Than Ridley, Latimer, with other names
In honour high, who perish'd in the flames,
Nor (in their suff'rings apostolic meek!)
Did they but blessings thus expiring speak;
They dar'd, nor from their butchers sought relief,
Almost beyond (as times are now) belief.

Such

Such were the means by which that light aroſe
Which does our preſent happineſs compoſe,
Which drove dark ignorance away from hence,
And bade the dawn of learning to commence
To clear the miſt of error from our eyes,
And make attentive ſuperſtition wiſe,
All impoſition on mankind t'expoſe,
And all corruption openly diſcloſe,
However darkly hid, and with diſgrace
To make all villainy ſecrete its face.
Theſe are the bleſſings that religion ſpread,
Of which you are a teacher duly made,—
In all due form accompliſh'd for the taſk,
As duly as the laws and cuſtoms aſk,
And in a reign of peace, within a land,
Where King and People by religion ſtand,
Where honours of ſuch import fall the lot
Of thoſe who labour,—and who waver not.
It ſtrikes with wonder ev'ry eye and ear,
It makes the *ſaint-like* hypocrite to ſneer,

To all, who dare ſtand infidels confeſs'd,
It ſerves for laughter a continual feaſt,
That you (in this uncommon quiet time)
That you ſhould guilty prove of ſuch a crime,
As tends, if copy'd, to promote again
Darkneſs, and perſecution's horrid reign!—
If ſuch curs'd wiſhes thy black ſoul inſpire,
Hence to a cloiſter with ſuch damn'd deſire:—
Haſte, ſeek ſome land, as yet unbleſs'd by Heav'n,
And there depoſite this pernicious leav'n,
That Hell, when ſuffer'd for her crimes to ſcourge,
May Earth of thee and thy offences purge.

Doctors were once in pretty good eſteem,
When they from Oxford or from Cambridge came,
(And ſtill they ought, their qualities when good,
To be all proper compliments allow'd,
When the proud Prieſts are not with Doctor big,
Nor all in all is the *important* Wig,
When to their Curates their behaviour's free,
As Doctor Warren has behav'd to me)

E'er

E'er Scotland conferr'd with peculiar eaſe
(Some Lambeth add) on blockheads theſe degrees,
E'er *Brookes* and *Myonetts* theſe feathers wore,
Who did the Doctors not much grace before;
But now, alas! who would a Doctor be?
All lib'ral arts are *Doctor-ſick* of thee.

Let not thy pride ſo far of me miſdeem,
Nor wilfully miſtake my preſent aim,
And think 'tis envy prompts me to expoſe
Abroad thy faults, and make mankind thy foes.
Envy can ne'er my humble thoughts diſtract:
If the reverſe had any grounds for fact,
No perſon breathes, whoſe ends could give me leſs
Uneaſy thoughts, tho' crowned with ſucceſs,
Than thoſe which you ſo eagerly purſu'd,
And now your ends are clearly underſtood,
(So clear, the Public, once too ſoon decoy'd
By ev'ry form, of real power void,

By

By ev'ry doctrine, worldly men prepar'd,
By ev'ry wind of ev'ry puffer ſcar'd,
That nought went down, as either ſafe or true,
Unleſs the ſame was altogether new,
Will not go forth to ev'ry *ſhaking reed*,
Nor give, in haſte, to *modern prophets* heed)
Since all the fame which muſt accrue to you,
And I muſt own you have enjoy'd your due,
Is, to have *pleas'd*;—a thought for me unfit,
Unleſs CONVICTION goes along with it.
'Tis not (to ſtronger circumſtances wed)
By noiſe, and ſhow, that true conviction's bred;
The mind looks farther (if to reaſon juſt,
Unwilling to take any thing on truſt)
And ſeeks to know if our conſent who plies
Himſelf is dealer in REALITIES.
It is *the times*, in which CORRUPTION ſpares
Nor character, nor place, but ſpreads her ſnares
E'en where religion conſecrates the ground;
When *rev'rend* men by ſolemn oaths are bound,

There

There ſhe in public traffics, and defies
All ſhame, all ſcandal, and all penalties:
For in the daily papers we are told
Of *churches wanted, livings to be ſold,*
The income, place, all properly declar'd,
And reſignation, if requir'd, prepar'd;
It is the times that claim'd my public care,
And you, alas! a proper object were,
Not ſought by me, but forc'd upon my ſight,
From your miſtakes to ſet theſe matters right,
If living characters can aught avail,
And poet's lines have yet the pow'r to heal.

Much greater pleaſure had my mind enjoy'd,
If ſuch attempts had abler pens employ'd;
And abler ſure we have:—for now and then
When modern poets, playful, take the pen,
They tell us, in ſome lines, what wond'rous ſkill,
If there was reaſon, and they had the will,
They, in reſerve, keep up to trim the great,
And laſh all vice, if vice attack'd the State

Like our militia, no uncommon caſe,
No matter the militia of what place,
In *dread array* drawn out on ſome parade,
Where all a war's *manœuvres* are diſplay'd,
(The county arms brought out to *take the air*,
And make the wond'ring country people ſtare)
Who ſtrut as if they had their thouſands ſlain,—
Then carry off their *peaceful* arms again.

You cannot urge you had not time enough
To bring your *boaſted* innocence to proof,
Which artfully you taught us would be done,
And fondly hop'd you could deceive us on.
Alas! the world is not ſo ſilly grown,
That ſuch excuſes ſhould paſs ſafely down,
And, unexamin'd, leave the culprit's caſe;
With me ſuch cunning cannot current paſs,
And ſhould again, by any baſe deſign,
Some future villain try to undermine

The

The public good; again I'll forward come,
And try to drag the victim to his doom.

Not ſmall the joy I feel, compell'd to make
Thee an example thus, for Virtue's ſake,
That C——n, thy caſe with pity heard,
Has thy condition 'bove the world preferr'd,
And this preferment in the country gave
(Which beſt can fit thee for the ſilent grave)
Where you may freely uſe reflection's glaſs,
And, undiſturb'd, perceive all fleſh is graſs,
That fruitleſs all ambition, toil, and pain,
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart is vain,
That a frail, tranſitory thing is man,
His life is but a ſhadow, or—a ſpan.

By high preferment's luring bait decoy'd,
Should any *brother* vainly be up-buoy'd,
And think again an handſome bribe, well plac'd,
Would his advancement propagate in haſte;

Let him reflect how low he falls if wrong,
And what a crowd of evils round him throng:—
His future hopes to rise for ever fled,
And his mistakes a public laughter made,
He must retire, detested by mankind,
And leave, like D—, eternal shame behind.

FINIS.

322623